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NOTES OF A GEOLOGIST ON THE PEASANTRY OF THE SOUTH.

NECESSITY makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows. This wise old saw is yet more true of the necessities of a geologist than of most others. Neither fossils nor minerals are remarkable for affecting fashionable localities, or for lying about in the neighbourhood of good accommodation. The geologist, if he is fairly in earnest, is far too tired, after his day's work, to trouble himself about the aristocratic air of his quarters, and, besides, generally manages to put his outer man into so uncleanly a condition, that a grand hotel would have some scruple in taking him in. Professor S—, after a hard morning's work, betook himself to a village inn for a lunch of bread and cheese. When he asked what he had to pay, he was told, fourpence. He could not avoid remarking on the smallness of the charge. 'Ah, sir,' said the landlady, 'I should ask eightpence from any one else, but I only ask fourpence from you; for I see that you have known better days.' At another time, a lady stopped by the roadside where he was working, made some inquiries, and gave him a shilling because his answers were so intelligent for his station. He met the same lady at dinner the next day, to her great astonishment. A well-known geologist, long secretary to the Geological Society, was once taken up while at his vocation, and dragged off to the Bristol Asylum for an escaped lunatic. On another occasion, tired, and with his pockets full of the day's treasures, he mounted a stage-coach, and fell fast asleep. Waking at his journey's end, he was horrified to find his pockets as empty as when he set out. An old woman who sat beside him, feeling the pockets full of stones, took him for a madman who had loaded himself more effectually to insure drowning; so slyly picked out the fossils, one by one, from the drowsy philosopher, and tossed them on the roadside. To be taken for a workman, is matter of course to a geologist; to be taken for a madman is less common; but it has happened to myself amongst others, when a sapient bumpkin has stood by with open mouth, watching my proceedings, and at last sliding off to another bumpkin, and remarking that 'the man must be mad; he is wrapping up dirt in paper, and putting it in his pocket!'

On the continent, where the gentleman commonly goes about, in the country districts, in the national blouse, the people are more accustomed to see a gentleman in working costume, and, besides, in all geological localities, they are thoroughly accustomed to the proceedings of the geologist. I have found, in this respect, the greatest intelligence amongst the peasants: they would come up to you, and direct you to the right locality for finding

treasures, though it might be miles off. I have in consequence had some experience of their everyday life and ideas, and saw more in an excursion than could be seen by the experience of half a century passed in post-chaises and hotels.

The life of the French peasant, like that of the upper classes, is twofold—at home, and abroad. At home, it is difficult to conceive anything more disagreeable and uncomfortable than his accommodation. I remember hearing some English 'navvies,' just returned from working on the continental lines, express their astonishment at the way their brethren lived abroad—black bread, apples, sour wine, with scarcely a cup or a plate to put them upon. I was geologising, once in France and once in England, in the same kind of rock, in the same scenery, and put up for the night at a small hamlet without an inn, but where in each case a farmhouse lodged travellers for the night. The one was at Parham Park, in Sussex; the other, at a place called Uchaux, in the Vaucluse. At both places, they had the same fare for the traveller—bread, cheese, and eggs, only tea in the one taking the place of wine in the other; but in other respects the cases were essentially different. In both, the people of the house took their supper at the same table, and at the same time; but the English family had not only the same fare as myself, but they superadded a noble homemade cake. My French friends, on the contrary, by the side of my white bread put black, unsavoury looking stuff for their own eating, and shred it out into what they called 'salad'—a mess of cabbages and green vegetables chopped up with a little oil—the ordinary peasants' food in Provence. Yet these people were the principal folks of the hamlet, and owners of a very respectable horse and cart. At another time, when I was looking about for fossils, a farmer, with the usual Provençal politeness, went a long way with me to point out the exact spot. He became very friendly, and insisted on my coming home with him and tasting his *pot au feu*. He had four labourers in his employ, who dined with him, but the *pot au feu* contained nothing in the world but potatoes mashed with greens, without milk or butter. In fact, off the high-roads, milk and butter are luxuries quite unknown to the peasantry. The farmers have no cows, and live entirely from the produce of their gardens.

When on his excursions, the French peasant makes up for his home privations. I was, not long ago, geologising in the Var, and walking along the high-road with a very heavy load, when I came up with a train of wagons. I asked leave to rest my basket on one of the vehicles. The wagoner consented very readily, and began to talk. As usual, he became very friendly, and asked me where I was going to stop for the night. I

said, I did not know. He then begged me to join his party, promising that I should fare well at a small cost. He took me to a large auberge, and into a huge barn-like room, set out with deal-tables, and warmed by a stove in the middle. The lighting, as is usual in the south of France, was wretched—a little oil burning in a machine like an English kitchen candlestick, one to a dozen persons. But the supper was actually a noble one. There were fowls, hares, which are shot by the farmers in the mountains in large quantities, and sold to the aubergists for a mere trifle; excellent stews, red and white wine, and salad. The wagoners smacked their lips, and desecrated on the dish in a style of finished connoisseurs, adding anecdotes of the fare and cookery of every inn in the province. The beds were coarse, but thoroughly comfortable. The breakfast was meat, salad, bread, cheese, and wine. For all this, lodging and everything, the landlady asked me just fifteenpence. My friend the wagoner overheard, took me aside, and told me that the fifteenpence was a gross imposition. He requested me to give him five-and-twenty sous, just twelvepence, and to leave the rest to him. He took the money, told the landlady that I was a friend of his, travelling at his charge, and that he would pay for me, which he did on the regular wagoner's scale. It was, all things considered, not a high one.

Whenever you stop at an inn in a country town on the great roads, you are sure to see one or two wayfarers, dressed in the most ordinary peasant costume, and appearing as if bread and cheese would be the utmost of their desires. Before them, in a few minutes, you will be astonished to see a smoking supper, which many a poor gentleman would look at with envy. Then to mark the gusto with which they attack it, the gentlemanly appetite they evince—making a fowl disappear in about ten seconds, without the slightest semblance of voracity, and a dish of meat in a minute: their knowing way of dressing a salad, and the perfect appreciation they shew of the best parts of everything, would do honour to the most experienced frequenter of a London tavern. The charge made is, as I have said, low enough, and yet it is as much as they can afford; for the ordinary pay of a wagoner is but thirty sous a day, and they have few opportunities of cribbing, as in England, out of the beans and oats of their cattle. These are luxuries seldom allowed to a French horse. Then they have but five sous a day left for their other necessities, and for those of their wives and families. But they live at home on bread and apples, and of the better class, the wives keep a shop. The shopkeeping class amongst the labourers is more numerous in the south of France than in any other country. Even in the cities of the second rank—such as Avignon, for instance—whole streets are entirely occupied by shops, kept by the wives of wagoners, journeymen-masons, carpenters, and other labourers, who, in England, would not dream of aspiring to such a privilege. They get on with little or no capital; they boast no shop-windows, or external pretension of any kind. Almost every man above the rank of a mere daily cultivator has a wife who is groceress, linen-draperess, butcheress, or confectioner: you may even see the clarinet-player at the theatre jointing meat, or weighing sausages, under his wife's directions, with an air of the most submissive meekness. The consequence is, that the men spend their own earnings without mischief or compunction. Hence the suppers at the Lion d'Or, and the crowded and innumerable cafés and cabarets, by the side of which our English ale-houses pale into insignificance. These shops own a small knot of customers, who buy amongst each other, which comes to the same thing as if each got all the necessities of life at cost-price. They serve likewise for gossiping amongst the women, as the ale-houses do amongst the men; thus providing the last necessary of life to the loquacious continental. The

dame who cannot keep a shop is condemned to lose amusement as well as profit, and is much in the condition of a man black-balled at a club. What with the stray custom they get amongst the higher classes, these shops answer their purpose well enough in every way.

Another and a necessary consequence is the absence of all large shops, except for articles of pure luxury. Every one passing through a French town—I except, of course, the great cities—misses the dapper, dandified, self-satisfied gentleman, who forms the curious and characteristic class styled counter-jumpers in England. You are served quite as well, it must be admitted, by the hearty carpenter's wife, as by these white-shirted professionals. These small dealers in France are not up to tricks of trade, and come too closely into contact with their customers to venture upon them. So you are generally sure of your article; and as, besides, these small people are protégées of some aristocratic employers, the large shops have not a chance; in fact, there is often a downright prejudice against them. And thus in a town, perhaps of 30,000 inhabitants, you will scarcely find a couple of butchers or grocers doing business in a large way, or more than enough to satisfy the wants of a few amateurs; and of the rich tradesmen there are none but silk-mercers and upholsterers, and of those only a very few. What the effect of all this may be politically, it is difficult to say; but the effect on the picturesque or the elegant is miserably bad. Without the large shops, the towns are vulgar by day, and worse by night: there is nothing to enliven the streets but a lamp here and there; you miss the portly citizen with his gold-watch, and, above all, you miss his country-house. It is all very well to quiz the cockney taste of the rich grocer; but visit the south of France, and observe how the most motley of all possible villas would be a gain to the scenery. Dead-walls and wretched farmhouses are all you get in their place; sheds, crammed with wood or straw, instead of the gay bright little conservatory; and gardens, ill-kept and full of potatoes, instead of the trim lawn with its joyous flowers and evergreens. The country about the towns in France is positively spoiled, because masons and carpenters will insist on their wives keeping shops.

And yet the scenery of the south has its compensations. Close at hand, it is dreary enough, but from a distance it is singularly striking, even in the arrangement of the habitations. Manners, in most cases, add to scenery; in some, they create it. This is peculiarly true of a Provençal plain. Seen from one of the numerous points where the secondary rocks, piercing through their tertiary covering, give a panoramic view of 150 miles in circumference, and which extends over seven or eight departments, it would yet be dull and uninteresting in the extreme but for the works of man. The blue sky of Provence, glorious as it is, would be wasted upon the cold impassable uniformities of the soil. A couple of rivers, not forming one bold broad stream, but meandering by half-a-dozen passages through the loose sand or limestone, affording them an infinity of choice for forming as many channels as they please, and for changing their beds as often as a commercial traveller: these, and a few scattered, isolated, and uniform promontories, alone break the sameness of the vast expanse. But man has stepped in, and supplied the deficiencies of nature, with a taste none the less remarkable for being purely accidental. Villages or villas there are none; and the absence even of the latter of these has no unfavourable effect, being in keeping with the general scene. The entire district is studded, almost at exact intervals, with solitary farmhouses, their white roofs and whiter walls placing them in bold relief against the blue sky and green masses of olive and cypress, and harmonise singularly with the gray rocks and arid fields which form the basis of the whole. Here and there a large town outstretched at the side of a hill, nothing concealing any of

its parts, or obstructing the complete apprehension of its form and dimension. Altogether, the scene looks like a vast plantation of houses set mostly at intervals, with a wood here and there represented by the towns, so entirely do both the one and the other seem to belong to the soil. The village spire and farmhouse, covered with clusters of flowers, would, after all, be out of place in the panorama. They would be like roses or laurels in a corn-field. The ruined castles, which hang over every eminence, seem as part of the rock, from which it is not easy always to distinguish them; they have little left of the feudal character, and put you in mind of nothing less than belted knights, high-born dames, troubadours, and King René.

It is the uniform system of culture and almost uniform extent of the farms which gives this character to the country. As a general rule, both large and small farms are unknown. A system prevails throughout Provence by which the landlord takes, in the place of rent, a portion of the profits of the farm; hence the general uniformity in their dimensions. The landlord refuses to admit a small tenant, whose want of capital or knowledge may endanger his receipts; and, for a large tenant, the property is too subdivided, capital too scarce, and the landlord's habit of receipt in kind subject to many difficulties. The farms are from 150 acres to 200, out of which, if the farmer makes his 500 écus a year, he is very well contented. He rarely grazes, never uses manure, except a little mud from the road or the river, and never tries experiments. Corn, grown in all the primeval simplicity of agriculture, the olive, the vine, and wood from the willows which line the small streams, make up his profit—derived altogether from the exertions of mere manual labour. He knows no more than his own labourer, from whom it would be difficult to distinguish him, for the top-boot and knowing great-coat of the English farmer would be nothing less than a monstrosity here. His workmen, with whom he lives on terms of perfect equality, receive their 25 sous, or 12d. a day—wages which put one marvellously in mind of the 6s. per week of the Dorsetshire labourer. But the Provençal peasant works seven days in the week; he gets, in ordinary times, his bread under a penny a pound; he can buy the cheaper parts of meat for 3d. a pound; in fact, there are regular parts of the markets appropriated by regulation for the sale of 'cow and ewe meat,' at this or even a lower price. Then his wine is 1½d. the imperial quart, he picks his apples from his master's trees, gets the brushwood from the hills for gratuitous firing, such little as he wants—so he is tolerably well off for the necessities of life. For the luxuries, if he ever attempts them, he has to pay twice as much as in England, and his clothing is much dearer; but his wife spins with the time-honoured distaff of the classical times; and a flannel jacket, fustian trousers, wooden shoes, and the blouse, make up his complete attire. When on a journey, the peasant is reluctantly compelled to wear leather shoes, which, in the place of stockings, he stuffs with hay. If his feet are wet, he stops at the first farm, takes out his damp hay, and puts in dry—a simple mode of procedure, which has its conveniences. His field-cap serves for night as well as day. In the cities, you constantly see workmen in the daytime peering from the windows in a cotton night-cap; and, in return, in a country inn I have seen half-a-dozen labourers in bed and asleep at once, in the ordinary out-of-doors' cap of the lower orders—*vulgo*, in the English tongue, a 'wide-awake'—a term, in this instance, singularly inappropriate.

Such a system would not seem to be particularly favourable for developing either the manners or the intellect; yet there is no doubt that the labourer in the south is, both in the one and in the other, far above his fellow in the north. I have sat at the same table with them, slept in the same room with them,

walked with them, ridden with them, without once meeting with anything to come between the wind and my gentility—that is, anything that can be set down to their account as a class; for their offences belong to continental manners in general, and are to the full as flagrant in the gentleman as in the peasant. When I have made inquiries of them for geological purposes, I have found them perfectly acquainted with the notabilities of the rocks and the soil of the entire neighbourhood; they knew exactly the localities celebrated for fossils, and fully understood the nature of my inquiries. When I have entered an auberge, gone into the common eating-room, and placed my fossils on the table, they would crowd round, talk on the subject with the fluency which never forsakes them, discuss the geological notoriety of the whole department, and often produce specimens which they had found in their work, and which lay quietly in their pockets for the first occasion. These they always made me a present of, refusing to take anything in return. I have frequently accosted a quarryman, and demanded if he had any fossils. 'Not here, but at home.' 'I will buy them of you.' 'If you will pass this way to-morrow, I will give them you; but I don't sell.' They would leave their work in the fields, and watch mine for an hour; and the youngsters would spend half the day in picking up specimens, and bringing them with a naïve exultation highly amusing. All this, combined with the social courtesy of mutual intercourse everywhere present at the south, where the peasants salute at a cabaret with as much ceremony as an Englishman in a saloon—all this, I say, gives an air of superiority to the peasant which it is impossible not to recognise.

The cause lies partly in the general and unrestrained intercourse of different ranks and classes; but there is another, and one of much greater importance. The lower orders in France, the south especially, see before them, and within their hopes, a multitude of offices requiring a certain amount of thought, discretion, and information, and the prospect of attaining these excites a spirit of inquiry and emulation which is present everywhere. Amongst these offices are positions in the gendarmerie, the police, and the thousand government offices swarming on all sides. But beyond this, there exists a general habit of promotion in private enterprises which tends yet more effectually to the same end. There is not a quarryman who does not dream of the day when he shall become quartermaster—not a miner who does not aspire at some time or other to the direction of a mine, or at least to the office of *chef-mineur*. These undertakings are conducted with far less capital and pretension than our own, and therefore offer hopes to a class of men who, amongst us, would not even think of such ambitions. Most of the workmen engaged in such enterprises receive a public education, on the principle of the industrial schools, about which so much has been said and so little done by ourselves. The lads are roused at five, and sent into the mines at six, under the direction of a practical master. They return at twelve, dine, and at two are sent to study till six; so that they have literally no recreation during the day, and in every respect the discipline is extremely severe. When it is recollected that in the south mining enterprises embrace every gradation of magnitude—from the mere lignite-pits, which scarcely attain the dignity of a quarry, to metallic mines on the largest and most difficult scale, and that the direction or important position in each of these is reached by regular steps, according to the talent or knowledge of the workman, it may easily be conceived that a large portion at least of the population are fully alive to the importance of thought and information; and all this has an immense influence even on those who have no part in such aspirations, in a country where everybody is in constant intercourse with everybody else.

It is not always possible to lodge with carters and carriers without meeting with disagreeables. The last time I had that satisfaction, about two in the morning the door was almost beaten in by a tremendous knock. To the demand of the landlord: 'Who's there?' came the reply, terrible and formidable everywhere on the continent: 'A soldier on service.' Down hurried the landlord in extreme trepidation, a military visit being anything but a joke in these days of universal suspicion and arrest. The errand of the soldier in question was to look after a deserter; and every man in the house had to turn out of his bed in the middle of December, and submit to a careful scrutiny of his individual peculiarities. The deserter did not turn up; but the soldier had his supper before he left the house, at the most inconvenient time of the night, and without paying a farthing.

This is the ordinary mode of all police proceedings, and the consequence is that the law is every man's enemy, and that no one ever stirs a finger to assist its proceedings. But the police have their excuse. The character of the inhabitant of the south is twofold: he is one moment the mild, peaceable citizen; the next, an enraged animal, capable of any atrocity. The same system of extremes is found in the ordinary life of the country people. While many are honest and scrupulous to a proverb, almost every village contains one or two daring characters, with a fearful list of crimes attached to them, who defy law and the police by force of arms, it may be for years, and through the dread of whom it even happens that the functionaries themselves avoid stirring abroad after dark. Yet even in these cases, the villagers themselves refuse all aid to justice. They leave it to those whose business it is; partly from habit, and partly from their innate hatred and distrust of all authority, which is so often used to distress or oppress them. The same extremes are found occasionally in the material position of persons in the same class and almost under the same circumstances. Journeyman-carpenters frequently work for no more than seventy-five centimes, or sevenpence half-penny a day. On the other hand, sawyers will gain no less than fifteen francs, or twelve shillings a day, and that for years together. This came out at a trial the other day, where some sawyers were indicted for setting saw-mills on fire near Montpellier. They had been driven, it appeared, from one locality to another, by the influence of these mills, until they lost patience, and took, or were supposed to take, active measures against their persecutors. During all their migrations, they earned the sum above mentioned, so that they had some reason to detest the march of improvement. The mills, by the way, were introduced by a common workman, like themselves, but thrifty, speculative, and enterprising.

I would conclude these remarks with noticing what has often interrupted my pleasure during these rambles—the singular diseases found amongst the peasantry where one would least expect them, out of the reach of the mountains, and in the purest and balmy air imaginable. No sooner does the mountain *goitre* disappear, than it is replaced by skin complaints, if possible, yet more revolting. Women are at work in the fields with excrescences hanging about their eyes so like a bunch of oak-apples, that if they were cut off, it would be barely possible to tell the difference. Others are sitting sunning themselves at their doors with their eyes actually eaten out by disease. These complaints are most frequent in the more retired districts, where the food is bad and uniform: they are especially common in the green sand-hills where the air is of an exquisite purity, blowing over miles of fresh sand, without taint of clay or limestone. The water is equally pure: it is perfectly delicious to quaff the limpid streams which intersect the hills in all directions, often turning the ill-kept roads of the south into a river. Roads, in fact, which begin magnificently, end in a swamp almost

impassable; you can scarcely believe that you are on the same highway which, when you quitted the town, was so wide, clear, and imposing. In one of the purest of Nature's regions, she has amused herself by planting her worst impurities in the blood of poor unfortunate man, or rather poor unfortunate woman, for the evil falls almost exclusively on the gentler sex. Whatever may be the cause, it is a sad drawback to the pleasure of journeying through scenes, in other respects, amongst the most picturesque and interesting on the continent, interesting especially to the geologist, from the abundance, beauty, and variety of the treasures they contain.

WEARYFOOT COMMON.

CHAPTER XV.

SECRETS OF THE STUDY.

ROBERT was not in the habit of intentionally consulting his pillow. When in need of advice, he betook himself to the silent stars, as they were seen from lonely roads or deserted streets, and reached home sufficiently jaded in body to have some chance of rest. On the present occasion it was well on to the dawn before he let himself in with his noiseless key, and glided to his solitary room; but although he had walked a very considerable number of miles since parting from his Wearyfoot friends, the pillow was still importunate: it would hear, from beginning to end, what the stars had said, and it had its own suggestions and counsels to offer without number. Worn out at length, the adventurer did enjoy an hour's sleep; and then the thousand sounds of a London morning awoke him to the toils and heart-strivings of a new day.

His resolution, however, was taken. The review he had made of his London life was more unsatisfactory than ever; and he looked with dismay at the gulf there was now between him and the buoyant, high-spirited aspirant of the world who had presented himself for the first time in Driftwood's studio. He could not conceal from himself that his independence and self-reliance had already received damage—that he was fast sinking into the mere convention man, who circles in his own small orbit, and when unsuccessful there, drops and perishes, as if there was no other space for life or death in the universe. If the new caprice of Claudia—for both stars and pillow had now advised him to distrust her—was to pass away like the others, in what position would he find himself? Precisely where he was when he scanned for the first time the windows of the metropolis, to seek out in them the clue to some mechanical calling, in which he might live for the present and prepare himself for a higher effort. This must have an end—and here. He would that very day bring Sir Vivian Falcontower to an explanation; and, strange as his absence might appear to the Semple family, he would delay for some hours seeing them till the crisis of his fate was past. It was impossible, however, to commence the business of the day before ascertaining how Sara was, and at an early hour he took his way to the lodgings in Great Russell Street.

Molly was already astir; but when he obtained speech of her, he found her as crusty as the baker's loaves. Miss Sara, she said, had rested very well: why shouldn't she?—there was nothing on her conscience, she hoped. How was her headache? Oh, the headache was very well too—at least it would be when she rung her bell: how could she tell before then? A headache might be another thing; but a headache was nothing, if people would only let it alone, and not dose other people with Miss Heavystoke's mixtures, that made

them not know the taste of their own mouths for a month.

'Well, Molly,' said Robert, 'I see you are out of humour; but that won't last long, if you are the same Molly I knew at Wearyfoot. Just say, if you please, that I shall be here again as early in the forenoon as possible: before then, I have to get through some important business;' and he turned away with an air so proud yet so desolate, that Molly was sorry for her crustiness, but afraid to call him back, and so she stood looking after him with her great round eyes till he passed out of sight.

Sir Vivian, he knew, was not to be seen till eleven at the earliest, and to pass the time, he called when the morning was further advanced at the studio in Jermyn Street. Driftwood, he thought, received him somewhat stiffly, and apologised more loftily than usual for the absence of his boy. The artist, however, was getting on swimmingly in the guinea-portrait speculation, and was even now expecting a sitter.

'I should owe you something for that idea,' said he, 'had you not balanced the account by depriving me of the countenance of Sir Vivian Falcontower.'

'I deprive you of the countenance of Sir Vivian!'

'To be sure. I thought to do you good by mentioning your expectations; and now, when the game is all up, he turns round upon me as if I had tried to swindle him.'

'Mr Driftwood,' said Robert seriously, 'I don't understand you: I beg you to explain yourself.'

'Why, that's just what I can't do. I daresay you might, after all, be only amusing yourself with Margery; but she took it all seriously, and said so much to me about the flourishing fellow you were going to turn out, that I couldn't help putting in my spoke to give you a hitch on. Did you not observe what a high mightiness they made of you at the ball? and yet I danced three times more than you, not to talk of the manner of dancing—and most of them had seen my Robin Hood!' and he pointed grandly to a fac-simile of the sign, laid upon canvas in the true out-of-door's style.

'And so,' said Robert, 'out of some sanguine expressions of poor Margery—based, perhaps, upon hints I was unconscious of myself—you constructed one of your miserable daubs, and tried to palm it upon Sir Vivian for a true picture!'

'Keep your temper, Oaklands; you don't know pictures yet—you were too short a time under me. The world will one day do justice to my daubs; and in that day the price of my Holy Family, two pound twelve, will be written with the pound after the figures!'

'Forgive me, Driftwood, I did not mean to hurt your feelings; but I am vexed, maddened, and hardly know what I say.'

'Well, well, my boy: you will come to know high art in time. But let me just give you a hint for your own good, not to be coming the grandee over us again. You have an enemy, I can tell you, who follows in your track, and paints it all out. His name is Seacole.'

'Seacole!'

'Yes; he is hand-in-glove with Sir Vivian and his daughter. He is going to marry the young lady, and won't stand your having any expectations whatever.'

'From whom did you hear this?'

'From Mr Slopper, one of Sir Vivian's household; and he had it from Mr Poring, Mr Seacole's individual.'

'I thank you. It is important information: so conclusive, indeed, that I would not take the trouble of going now to Sir Vivian—only it must not be said that I have an enemy without confronting and defying him.'

'Take care, take care, my boy! Small people don't get on in this world by defying great.'

'Because small people have not the manliness to be true to themselves: I am one of the forlorn-hope.' Here the bell rung.

'That rascally boy!' cried Driftwood—'never mind, I must just open myself.' Robert was sorry he had waited, when in a minute or two the artist returned, ushering in the same young lady who had paid him such marked attentions at Mrs Doubleback's party. On seeing him, she gave a pretty little scream—

'You naughty man,' said she, 'how you did frighten me! Who could have expected to meet you here—on this particular spot of all the habitable globe? Isn't it strange? I declare I don't understand it—it seems like a dream, or like something that happens in a novel. I am quite nervous.'

'I should not guess that from your fresh and wholesome looks.'

'Ah, there you are again! Do you talk so to all the poor girls whom destiny throws in your way? Do you think I have forgotten what you said to me at the ball? I only hope that great clumsy Miss Doubleback did not overhear it, for her eyes were fixed on us as if she was thinking—I wonder what she was thinking! Heigh-ho!' and the young lady sighed.

'Miss Bloomley,' said the artist, 'I have just now been thinking, and pondering, and now I have got hold of it. I remember clearly that I did tell you my friend Mr Oaklands was here almost every—'

'Tush! who cares what you think or tell? For my part, I never listen to a word you say.'

'And that if you came to have your portrait taken, you would?—'

'Fiddle, faddle! Why don't you set to work then, now I am here, instead of calling to mind your saying things that nobody ever heard a word of?'

'I beg pardon, miss; I only thought you would be glad to have the mistake cleared up. I am sure Mr Oaklands considers himself in great luck to be in the way to see you. Don't you, Oaklands?'

'Yes, I do,' replied Robert, 'for I want to explain to Miss Bloomley that you, who talk so boldly of other people's mistakes, are very apt to be mistaken yourself.—Mr Driftwood has doubtless told you of certain expectations he assumed me to have, and has given you to understand that one of these days I shall be quite a great rich personage. Now, our friend did not intend to deceive, but merely suffered his imagination—and, no doubt, his good-nature—to run away with him. There is not one word of truth, however, in the story. I am a mere adventurer on the world, without family, without a surplus shilling in my pocket, and without the prospect of one that is not earned by my own industry.' Miss Bloomley, when he began to speak, looked at him with great wondering eyes, that seemed to dilate as he went on, the colour at the same time mounting into her face; and by the time he concluded, her cheeks were red-hot, and her eyes full of tears that glistened without falling. The Londoners, high and low, are remarkable for generous feeling, and this young lady was a true Londoner.

'You are greater than he told,' said she, with a quivering voice—'you have the spirit of a man—and that's better than being a nobleman!' Robert bade her good-by with a smile and a pressure of the hand, which she returned with a good, hearty, natural, unsentimental shake.

Robert walked straight to the mansion of Sir Vivian Falcontower, pondering, as he went, on the seeming fatuity that had thrown him into the power of his school enemy. He had ousted this enemy, by means of a timely warning, from the good graces of Sara; and now Seacole, in turn, and by similar means though different in character, had deprived him of the patronage of Claudia. But how stood the account? Although he had, perhaps, saved Sara from an uncongenial marriage, he had appropriated her affections himself, and they must now be unwound from their object, if they were her very heart-strings; he had prevented Seacole from entering into a union for which he, as

well as his bride, was unfit, and by so doing, had preserved him for an alliance the most flattering imaginable to his vanity and ambition; and having thus played his part in the world, the vagrant of the Common was now to subside into his original obscurity. These meditations were still in progress, even while he was asking the question mechanically: 'Is Sir Vivian at home?' but they were brought to an abrupt conclusion by the reply: 'Not at home, sir.'

Only a few minutes before, this consummation could not have been looked for by one who was privileged—as the reader is—to behold, invisible himself, the secrets of the study. The study was a smaller apartment opening from the bookroom, or library; and here Claudia awaited the coming of that insolent young man who had of late thrust himself so much into her thoughts, and given rise to so many outbreaks of a usually equable, or at least manageable temper. On this occasion, the sun, not the lightning, was playing on her face. She seemed to be full of memories of the evening before—with its music, its smiles, its gems, its grandeur; and of the last scene more especially in which she herself had performed, descending the stairs in queenly state, and amid the homage of the obsequious crowd, yielding her soft hand, heroine-like, to the warm, manly clasp of the hero of the moment. It was an interesting picture for one who, like Claudia, had an eye for art; but it would be too curious to inquire how much of the vanity of the woman mingled with the admiration of the connoisseur.

At all events, it was clear that she indulged in some friendly feeling towards the actor who had supported her so well. The table was prepared for him with more than the care of a secretary. The books, the paper, the pen and ink, were scrupulously arranged; the chair was set for him at the proper angle; the fire was chastened so as to produce a summer warmth; the curtain was tutored into the admission of just light enough for convenience, and not a ray for glare. Not that all this was done at once. Claudia was prodigiously clever; but she could not work miracles. She shifted the things again and again before she got them into their proper places; then she looked at the pendule on the mantle-piece; then she stepped lightly again to the table—but this time it was only a trifle that was wanted: one of the pens had somehow got a little across another (an unlucky position), and she placed them side by side. At length there was heard a knock at the street-door. It was distant and indistinct, but she knew it well; and straightway, as if conjured by the sound, she subsided—not suddenly, or in a flurry—but softly, smoothly, naturally, into the cold but graceful impassibility of her usual self. She did not even look towards the door of the room; but nevertheless she knew, without turning her eyes, that it opened on its noiseless hinges, and that her father entered—alone.

Sir Vivian took the chair that had been prepared for another, and Claudia sat down in her usual place at the table, opposite to him, and with her back to the window.

'Mr Oaklands,' said her father, 'was not here yesterday, and for some days past he has not seemed to relish his work as usual. This shews that we approach the end.'

'He was here this morning—now,' remarked Claudia quietly. 'I heard his knock.'

'True. I ordered them to say not at home, for before we see him again I want to talk to you. I think I have detected the young fellow in a stratagem, and, clever as he undoubtedly is, he must not be allowed to suppose he has got the whip-hand of us. You remember that romantic story of Driftwood's I mentioned? Well, it turns out to be all false: the only mystery connected with the young man relates to the parish he has a claim upon. He is the natural son, it

seems, of some low woman—a menial servant, I think—and an impoverished half-pay captain.'

'From whom had you this?' demanded Claudia, almost sternly.

'From Mr Seacole.'

'Oh!'

'Why do you say "Oh!" so contemptuously? I want to talk to you about Seacole too: he has formally craved my permission to pay his addresses to you, and besought my influence in favour of his suit.'

'And you have promised it?'

'To be sure I have. My promise binds you to nothing; and if the worst comes to the worst—for you know, Claudia, this cannot go on much longer—Seacole is a likely young fellow enough, of an ancient family, and with a competent estate.'

'Well, well, let us get through one subject at a time. I saw the two only once together, and paid no special attention to them; but now I can recall the look that passed between them, and I venture to say that Mr Seacole and Mr Oaklands are enemies.'

'And what of that?'

'Only that the information you may receive from one concerning the other is not to be looked upon as exactly above suspicion.'

'Certainly not, if there was any motive for misrepresentation. The two individuals in question, however, cannot be supposed to clash in any way. Seacole, in fact, knows very little of the history of Oaklands; for although they were brought up in the same neighbourhood, their rank was too different to admit of free intercourse till they met again at school. He refers me to his servant, who served at the time in the very house where the boy was taken to live with his reputed father, and I expect the man every instant.' While he still spoke, there was a tap at the room-door, and permission being given, Mr Poringer walked slowly and sedately in, and coming to a halt near the table, drew himself up, and stood there tall and still, looking very like a figure carved in wood by somebody who had forgotten the joints and did not know how to round off the corners.

'I have sent for you,' said Sir Vivian, 'to ask you a few questions respecting an individual in whom I feel an interest. His name is Robert Oaklands—do you know anything of his origin?'

'He originated, sir, in Wearyfoot Common, where he found me one evening in the mist.'

'You mean that you found him, I presume?'

'No, sir, I would not find a boy on no account: I have an objection to it, I have. He found me, sir, and followed me home to Simple Lodge.'

'And what then?'

'Nothing more, sir. The boy merely remained, and Captain Simple brought him up like one of the family.'

'Was there no inquiry made about the boy's parentage—no information given to the parish officers?'

'No, sir; there was nothing said to nobody. The rector, and several of the ladies about the Common, made some inquiry at first, but they heard nothing that pleased them; and so, since things could not be helped, they said nothing more about it.'

'Why was he called Oaklands?'

'That was the name of the—the—woman in the kitchen, whom the boy stated to be his mother, and who never denied it.'

'And the other name—Robert?'

'Bob, sir, Bob was his other name.'

'Was that the name of Captain Semple?'

'No, sir; I did not approve of his getting the captain's name—it was bad enough without that. I considered that he had no call to more than Bob, Bob being almost Boy—no name at all to speak of.'

'What has become of Captain Semple and his establishment?'

'The captain, sir, was ruined by the failure of his

agent, and by his sister and niece coming upon his hands; his brother was a poor man, sir, with a large family of course, as poor men always has. I hear they are all in town now, sir; and so is the woman, who gets her living by washing, or something of that sort. Large family there too—the Boy and all, for of course he lives with his mother. Driftwood, a painter in Jermyn Street, is to be pitied among them, for he can't disown his cousins.'

'Then Driftwood is related to them!'

'Yes, sir; all the rest, I believe, is the lower classes—and he ain't much to speak of. The woman Oaklands lives in Hartwell Place, Kensington Gravel Pits: last door in the row, no thoroughfare, market gardens in front.' This being all the evidence he could give, Mr Poringe was dismissed.

'You see, Claudia,' said Sir Vivian, 'the scheme was better got up even than I supposed. I really did not give Driftwood credit for so much *nous*; and as for Oaklands, why, he is quite a master. To think of a young fellow like him hanging on here so long, dressing and behaving like a gentleman, meeting in society some of the first persons in the kingdom, and concealing the whole time, with a fortitude quite heroic, that at home he burrowed among countless relations, watching hungrily and eagerly the result of his enterprise!'

'To be silent when no questions are asked,' said Claudia, whose face was flushed, as if from sitting too near the fire, 'is not concealment.'

'But perhaps,' went on her father, 'the young fellow is wiser still in his generation. There being no ties of legitimacy to bind him to his family, it may have been his intention—the thing is not uncommon in the world—to cling to his relatives only till he could do without, and then, when he had reached the mark of his ambition, to withdraw quietly from a circle that?'

'No!—there you are mistaken,' cried Claudia, rising suddenly from her chair; 'he had no intention of the kind! You do not know the man as I do; you have not watched him, day after day, with doubt and wonder on your mind giving place at last to settled conviction. When the time came, and his fortune was established, he would have insisted upon bringing his brothers and sisters into this room; he would have taken his frail mother to court if it were possible; he would have stood up for and by them; and if hissed, hooted, and pelted out of society, he would have retreated backwards—backwards—shielding them from harm, and with his proud eyes fixed upon his pursuers!'

'Claudia! is this acting?'

'Why, would it not be a sight to see! The squat, lean, vulgar children, stumbling along, well fed and well dressed—the coarse, red-armed, gin-drinking washerwoman, flaunting in silks and satins, and bobbing her awkward curtsies—and all hanging upon the neck and entangling the feet of the son and brother, the man of genius, the elegant scholar and accomplished gentleman!'

'All that is true, Claudia; but you sketch so vividly, you startle me. What is it to you, what is it to us, that this should be so? You seem, notwithstanding your ridicule, to pity the young man?'

'Just as I pity the naturally lame, blind, or hump-backed: low connections are for one constituted like him a still worse calamity. But, settle with him how you may, remember we must now have done with him; yes, papa, done with him—done with him—done with him! Why, I should not wonder if some of the ragged crew were at the door of the theatre last night, and saw me, surrounded by half the nobility in town, stop to shake hands with him as if he was a prince! And the other day at the Royal Academy, is it not more than probable that among the crowd at the steps was the washerwoman herself, gazing at Claudia Falcontower leaning on the arm of her son? the washerwoman—think of that

—smoking from the suds, steaming with gin! is it not rich?—Ha, ha!' and she laughed, absolutely laughed, perhaps for the first time since she was a girl! The sound was musical, as clear as a bell, but nevertheless it shocked Sir Vivian, and he looked at his daughter with wonder and dismay.

Another tap at the door; and it was scarcely replied to when a servant entered hastily, and presented a letter to Sir Vivian. The baronet looked at it for some moments, as if unwilling to remove it from the curious antique salver on which it lay; but at length he took it up slowly, and the man left the room.

'A telegraphic dispatch, Claudia,' said he, lingering on the syllables—'and from Luxton Castle.' He opened it with some nervousness, and then dropping the paper upon the table, covered his eyes with his hands. Claudia sank into her chair, and fixed a long, blank look upon her father, while the flush forsok her face, which grew gradually as white and rigid as marble. As gradually the rigidity softened, although the pallor remained, and some natural tears rolled one by one from her before dry and glistening eyes.

'My poor uncle!' said she; and she gazed mournfully upon Sir Vivian, forgetting to wipe the moisture from her eyes.

A dead silence ensued; which was at length broken by Claudia, who spoke more in the tone of soliloquy than as if addressing her father.

'And this is life,' said she, 'this is the world! Go where we will, do what we may, dig, delve, soar, it is all one: in a few years comes the end—and the end is death! What is the use of our care, our labour, our sacrifices? Of what consequence are the inequalities of fortune that are presently to be shovelled down to a level by the sexton's spade? The grandeur we admire is but the nodding plume of the hearse; the ensign of nobility is only the hatchment on the wall; all we love and loathe are linked inseparably together: the smile of the lip, the grin of the skull—beauty and delight, corruption and horror—pride and ambition, dust and ashes!' Her arms fell lifeless by her sides, her head drooped upon her bosom; and the beautiful Claudia looked almost ghastly in her sudden desolation.

'Don't give way,' said Sir Vivian, recovering; 'our grief is of no use to the dead; so let us look at the bright rather than the dark side of things. Remember, Claudia, you are now the Honourable Miss Falcontower, and I am Lord Luxton!'

BALLOTS, VOTES, AND BLACK-BALLS.

THERE is a curious double meaning attached to the word *ballot*. In one sense, it is a something given in; in another, it is a something taken out. In one, it is an expression of opinion; in another, it is obtaining a chance. In the former sense, it is applied to all the kinds of voting in which the ballot or secret method is adopted; in another, it relates to the drawing of prizes in lotteries, freehold and building societies, art-unions, Christmas distributions, and so forth. There are many curious facts relating to the mechanism of voting and chance-drawing, which may not be uninteresting. First, let us say a few words concerning lotteries—not in their moral or financial effects, but simply in respect to the *modus operandi*.

Of course every one knows that a lottery is a mode of trying to obtain money or some other valuable without working for it; but it is not every one who knows that the English lotteries of past days were schemes whereby the government obtained money from the people by seeming to give money to the people: the money received being greater in amount than the money paid. Something of the kind has been practised in various countries from very remote times. Beckmann

thinks that the *congiaria* among the Romans was a kind of lottery. When emperors and rich men wished to gain the good wishes of the multitude, they were wont to give them presents; something to every one who came; or they threw tesserae or tickets among them, to entitle those who could catch them to gifts of oil, corn, wine, or other articles of value. The tickets were square pieces of wood or metal, or balls of wood; they were transferable from hand to hand by gift or purchase; and they entitled the last holder to the articles inscribed on them. The soup-tickets of our mendicity societies are analogous in principle to these. During the middle ages, the merchants frequently sold their goods by aid of a 'wheel of fortune,' similar to those used in some of our bazaars and trinket-shops. The distribution of sums of money by similar means was a later introduction. At first, the object was generally a benevolent one—a kindly mode of making a profit, by giving the public less than the public had brought, and applying this profit to some charity; but it afterwards became a mere money-getting project, in which governments as well as private persons indulged. In No. 409 of the Journal (second series), is given an account of an Italian lottery, in which the chances are curiously complicated. Little sheaths, something like needle-cases, are put into a wheel or hollow box; the wheel is rotated to mix them up together; they are taken out one by one, and small rolls of paper are inserted in them; they are placed in another wheel, and when drawn from this, the number on each sheath denotes the lucky owner. It is, however, to English lotteries that we wish principally to advert.

The principle of state-lotteries is a strange one—a government practically trading on the folly and ignorance of the people—getting money without giving a due equivalent for it, either virtually or avowedly. This is really the case, as a brief notice will easily shew. So far as England is concerned, the first lottery seems to have occurred in 1567, the drawing taking place at the west door of St Paul's Cathedral. The tickets were 10s. each; there were no blanks, every ticket drawing some prize or other, generally a piece of plate. The total value of the prizes was of course less than the money received for the tickets, and the profit was applied towards the repairing of some of the public harbours. In 1612, another lottery was drawn in the same place; the highest prize was a piece of plate valued at 4000 crowns; but the prizes collectively were kept so low, that the Virginia Company, for whose benefit the lottery was established, cleared L.29,000 by it. In 1630, a lottery was resorted to, as a means of raising funds to defray the expense of conveying water to London. After the Civil Wars, another lottery was established, to aid in replenishing an exhausted national Exchequer. Lotteries having thus been found profitable to the government, private adventurers sought to obtain a share in the plunder: lotteries were got up, on the most delusive and fraudulent principles, in almost all the great towns in the kingdom. The legislature attempted to check these adventures; but so long as the government itself set the example, the virtuous indignation of the legislature was of little account. In the reign of Queen Anne, the state-lotteries were frequently nothing more than expedients for obtaining a loan: the money obtained for the tickets being all returned, by annuities or in some other way, in the course of a certain number of years. During this reign, the highest prize was L.10,000; but in George II.'s reign commenced the custom of having one or two prizes of L.20,000 in each lottery. During the war against France, Mr Pitt carried the lottery-system to a great length, as a means of raising revenue: he had prizes of L.30,000 and even L.40,000, to attract giddy purchasers still more certainly. So many scandals became mixed up with the system, that a committee of the House of Commons

was appointed to inquire into the whole matter in 1808. The report of the committee shews how narrowly a state-lottery trod on the verge of 'obtaining money under false pretences.' Taking the total sum distributed in prizes, and dividing this equally among all the shares, it was generally so planned that this average should be L.10 per share or ticket; but the government usually sold the tickets to a contractor for about L.17 each; he sold them again to the licensed lottery-office keepers for about L.21; and they sold to the public at perhaps L.22. There was thus a *certainty* that the public would lose at least one-half of the money expended in the purchase of lottery-tickets. After many attempts on the part of conscientious persons to induce the government to abandon so pernicious a system, lotteries were finally abolished in 1826.

Of the mechanism of the drawing, a few words of description will suffice. There were provided two large upright boxes called 'wheels,' rotating on a central axis. In one were placed tickets, inscribed with all the numbers in the lottery; in the other, were tickets denoting blanks and prizes of various value. The wheels were usually drawn on a kind of sledge from one of the government-offices, either to Guildhall or to Cooper's Hall, in Basinghall Street. Two of the Blue-coat boys were employed to draw the numbers; or, perhaps, there were several, to relieve each other in successive couples. One boy introduced his hand and arm into one wheel, and drew forth a ticket, the first which his fingers happened to grasp; the number of the ticket was openly announced; the other boy drew forth a ticket from the other wheel, the inscription upon which denoted whether that number was to be regarded as a blank or a prize; and if a prize, of how great value. An interested spectator had thence a double source of excitement—to see his number drawn from the one wheel, and to learn the fate of that number by the drawing from the other wheel. Many persons had predilections for 'lucky numbers,' and purchased their tickets accordingly; but, of course, these numbers had only the same chance as the rest in the wheel. One man advertised in a newspaper that he would give a premium for a particular number; and it afterwards appeared that he had done so, because he had dreamed that that number would come up a L.30,000 prize. One holder of a ticket, a lady, influenced the minister of one of the London churches, the day before the drawing, to repeat the words: 'The prayers of the congregation are desired for the success of a person engaged in a new undertaking; the nature of the 'new undertaking' being, of course, not mentioned. In some of the lotteries, the *last* number drawn from the wheel was made a L.1000 prize; and on one occasion, a dilemma arose from the circumstance that one of the tickets had accidentally become wedged into a crevice of the wheel; it became a nice question whether this should or should not be deemed the last ticket. In 1775 a curious circumstance occurred, illustrating the mode in which the process of drawing was carried on. A man bribed one of the Blue-coat boys to make an unfair drawing; the boy held a certain ticket in his hand, inscribed with a certain number, at the very time when he thrust his arm into the wheel; he drew his arm back and announced a number, which he seemed to have drawn, but which had in fact not left his hand. Collateral circumstances led to the discovery of the fraud; and the Lords of the Treasury thereupon issued orders relating to certain changes in the mode of drawing. It was determined that there should be twelve Blue-coat boys selected, to succeed each other in twos; that no one should know beforehand who were the boys selected; that ten managers should be present at the drawing, of whom two should closely watch all the movements of the boys; that before any boy approached the wheel, the bosom and sleeves of his coat should be closely buttoned up, his pockets sewed,

and his hands examined; that while on duty, he should keep his left hand in his girdle behind him, and his right hand open, with the fingers extended; and that, on leaving the wheel, he should be personally searched. What a parade to a poor Blue-coat boy for a government which was delicately cheating the public under the shadow of the law!

So many readers are now members of Land and Building Societies, that they will be familiar with the mode in which 'drawing' takes place; although called balloting, it has no connection with the vote by ballot, and only a little with lotteries. The lucky drawer does not actually obtain land or house for anything below its fair value; but he draws a chance of obtaining land or house *quickly*, with permission to pay for it by small instalments, he being in the enjoyment of the land or house in the meantime. In one of these societies, which will serve us as an exemplar of all, the ballots are small, flat, circular pieces of hardwood, with a hole in the centre, by which they may be placed upon a string, and a number written or stamped upon each in legible and durable characters. On the day of drawing, all these ballots—say 5000 or 10,000 in number—are enclosed in a large hexagonal wheel, rotating on a horizontal axis. Three or four revolutions suffice to mingle them up well together; and when the wheel is stopped, a little door is opened, a person thrusts in his arm, draws forth a ballot, and announces the number. The shareholder who happens to possess that number, then becomes entitled to whatever benefit may accrue from the drawing.

The principle of chance or probability here, of course, needs very little elucidation. Although, among 10,000 ballots, any one has as good a chance as any other one, yet it is 9999 to 1 against that particular ballot being drawn at any particular time. So it is in all transactions of analogous kind; and so strong is the gambling spirit, that the hope and the doubt and the expectancy become very exciting—herein lies the chief defect of the system. The annual distribution of prizes at an art-union is an example of ballot-drawing. As many ballots as there are shares are put into a wheel, and prizes and blanks are put into another wheel, and the drawing depends upon which ballot comes up with any one blank or prize. In strictness, this rather resembles lottery mechanism than land-society mechanism, in requiring two wheels instead of one, and also in this circumstance—that there are no blanks in a land-society drawing: it is simply a question of *time*; my number may be drawn before yours, but yours is sure to be drawn some time or other. It is a 'sop in the pan,' in the management of art-unions and distributions, that every member obtains something, although it may be much less in value than the price he paid for his share; while in lotteries and raffles there are absolute blanks. Enough on this matter, however; let us now treat of the ballot under its other meaning.

It has been often made a matter of question whether, and to what extent, the ballot ensures secrecy in voting. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, some years ago, remarked: 'Even in those classes of men who are most accustomed to keep their own secret, the effect of ballot is very unequal and uncertain. The common case of clubs, in which a small minority is generally sufficient to exclude a candidate, may serve as an example. Where the club is numerous, the secret may be kept, as it is difficult to distinguish the few who reject; but in small clubs, where the dissentients may amount to a considerable proportion of the whole, they are almost always ascertained. The practice, it is true, is, in these cases, still useful; but it is only because it is agreed by a sort of tacit convention, that an exclusion by ballot is not a just cause of offence.' It is, apparently, as a means of avoiding personal offence and wrangling, that the ballot is so much adopted in clubs, and in the selection of members of committees, and many other

collective bodies. In the English legislature, the voting is, as we know, open. The peers say 'content,' or 'non-content'; the commoners say 'ay,' or 'no.' In voting at an election for member of parliament, the elector gives his vote openly, and has his name and vote inscribed in a register; the same plan is followed by the shareholders at a general meeting of a joint-stock company, in cases where the 'show of hands' is not deemed satisfactory. In all these instances there is no ballot, in either sense of the word. In the London clubs, the admission of members is in many cases dependent on the ballot, the dissentients desiring to keep their names secret. At Brooke's Club, according to Mr Peter Cunningham, one black-ball excluded any new member, in the early days of the club; but at present it requires two black balls to exclude. At White's Club, there is an entry on the records, dated 20th May 1758, to this effect: 'To prevent those invidious conjectures which disappointed candidates are apt to make concerning the respective votes of their electors, or to render, at least, such surmises more difficult and doubtful, it is ordered that every member present at the time of balloting, shall put in his ball; and such person or persons as refuse to comply with it, shall pay the supper reckoning of that night.' The 'electors' are the members of the club, and the 'disappointed candidates' are those who have unsuccessfully been balloted for; and the entry curiously illustrates these two points—that it was found difficult to keep each member's vote secret, and that the club sought to attain its end by a punishment of the pocket. There is a story told of 'fighting Fitzgerald,' a noted character of by-gone times, that being once black-balled by a club, he applied to each member individually to know whether he had put in the black-ball. As it was known that Fitzgerald would instantly have challenged the black-baller, and as he had a terrible reputation as a fatally expert duellist, all the members disowned the act one by one; and then Fitzgerald redemanded his admission, on the plea that no one would own to have black-balled him. A queer story this, if true. At the Athenæum Club, a limited number of members may be chosen by the committee, any such candidates as 'shall have attained to distinguished eminence in science, literature, and the arts, or for public services;' but the rest are balloted for by the members generally, one black-ball in ten being equivalent to rejection. In all such clubs there are black and white or red balls, at the service of all the members; each puts a ball into an urn; and if he dissent from the admission of the new candidate, he selects a black-ball. Of the arguments adopted by the advocates of vote by ballot, we need not speak; but the practice in France is really worthy of notice. It is so difficult to say precisely what is the present state of things in France, that we cannot tell whether voting is managed now in the same way as during the brief republican régime; but in the Great Exhibition of '51, a machine was exhibited, and a description issued, which afforded curious information respecting the French system. The apparatus related to the mode of voting in the *Assemblée Nationale* then sitting—a much more quiet and decorous mode of voting than that adopted by our own House of Commons: whether a better one for the interests of the nation, it is for politicians to determine. The apparatus was invented, or at least manufactured, by M. Débain, of Paris.

We must first describe the apparatus, and then the mode of employing it. The apparatus comprises ballots, urns, and stirrups. The ballots—bulletins de vote—are small tablets of polished steel, some white and some blue; they are about two inches long by two-thirds of an inch wide; there is an oblong slit in the middle of each ballot; each white ballot has two grooves, and each blue ballot three, on its upper surface; each ballot is inscribed with the name of a member of the assembly, and also with a number attached to that

member's name in the assembly's register. The urn is a sort of upright square wooden box, about a foot high by three inches square, with a handle on one side, a closed top, and two mouths near the upper part of one side; one half of the urn, together with one mouth, are painted white, and the other half and other mouth blue; the mouths are guarded by wards something like those of a lock: the wards of one mouth corresponding with the grooves in the white ballots, and those in the other with the blue ballot grooves; inasmuch that each kind of ballot can enter one mouth but not the other. The stirrup (*drier*) consists of two vertical parallel rods, which, when placed in the urn, are exactly beneath the two mouths respectively; by the side of each rod is a graduated scale, of which the distance between the degrees corresponds with the thickness of the ballots.

Now, all this apparatus is made with great delicacy and exactness, to obviate if possible all sources of error in taking the vote by ballot; and we have next to see how it is used. For convenience of language, we will speak of the *Assemblée Nationale* and its voting as if still in operation, leaving the reader to make the requisite correction of *is* and *does* into *was* and *did*. The *Assemblée* is divided into twelve sections, for each of which there is a distinct urn. A small box or casket, inscribed with his name, is given to every member at the commencement of each *séance* or sitting; it contains five white and five blue ballots, sufficient usually for the requirements of that sitting. When a discussion is finished, and a vote about to be taken, twelve officers—dressed in a sort of semi-military costume—walk round to the members as they sit in their places; each officer to collect the votes of one of the twelve sections. He holds his urn before a member; the member opens his little casket, and takes out a ballot—white, if 'pour' or in favour of the question; but blue, if 'contre' or against it; he puts his ballot into the proper mouth of the urn; and the officer proceeds from member to member, until all the votes for that section are collected in the urn. The twelve officers take the twelve urns to the president of the *Assemblée*, and place them before him in a row. The twelve urns are uncovered, by removing the wooden boxes from off the stirrups; and then the ballots are seen all threaded, as it were, upon the rods of the stirrups; the act of uncovering, too, locks all the ballots in their places, whence they cannot be removed except by the president's key. As the blue ballots in each urn slip over or upon one rod of the stirrup, and the white ballots upon the other, and as the ballots are all of equal thickness, it is easy to see by a glance of the eye which pile of ballots is highest, and consequently whether the decision of that section of the *Assemblée* has been 'pour' or 'contre'; but to render this more precise, the graduated scales are appealed to, since the numbers on those scales denote exactly the number of ballots in any one pile. Two secretaries add up the twelve white lists and the twelve blue, to obtain the final resultant, which is proclaimed to the *Assemblée*. The stirrups, still locked, are then carried to the *bureau des procès-verbaux*, where they are unlocked, and six scrutators register in as many books the votes of the members, entering each by his number and not by his name, with a symbol to indicate 'pour' or 'contre'; and it is from this register that the lists in the *Moniteur* are derived. Lastly—as the compositor must distribute his type after composing, so must the vote-officers distribute the ballots to the members after having been used. There is a 'case' containing as many little cells as there are members; each case contains a little casket, and each ballot is put into some one of the caskets according to the name of the member to whom it belongs. Opportunity is then taken to return the ballots to the respective members.

All this seems wonderfully complicated; but there is no reason why the collection and declaration of the votes should occupy more than a few minutes' time.

The policy of the method, as we have said, lies beyond the scope of these pages to discuss; but the mechanism is unquestionably ingenious. It was brought into use towards the close of 1850, and the *Assemblée* voted a grant of 30,000 francs to M. Debain.

THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

TORONTO—CANADA—WEST.

THE agreeable impressions I had formed from a glimpse of Toronto from the water were deepened by a residence of a week, during which I made some agreeable excursions in the neighbourhood. No situation could have been better selected for a great city. The ground, forming a broad plain, rises with an easy slope and southern exposure from the shore of Ontario, and is backed by a series of terrace-like ranges, the ancient beaches of the lake, now composing a fertile and well-cultured stretch of country.

For some time styled York, or Little York, this city reverted a few years ago to the Indian name which it bore when consisting of only a few wigwams. It has in the space of sixty years, offered one of those remarkable instances of progression so common in North America. From no more than 336 in 1801, its inhabitants have increased to 40,000, and it is estimated that the additions now fall little short of 10,000 every year. In visiting Toronto, we see on all sides indications of progress—houses building, streets extending, ground staked off for new thoroughfares, places of business opening, large and handsome public edifices rising up, and every social feature acquiring fresh development. Nowhere in America do we see churches of more elegant architecture. The streets, laid out in lines at right angles to each other, are long and spacious; King Street, which forms the chief central thoroughfare, being two miles in length, and environed with as magnificent shops as can be seen in any large town in England. I had the honour of conversing with one of the most aged and esteemed residents, who described the city as having within his recollection consisted of only a few cottages in the wilderness—and now, said he, the value of its assessed property is £4,000,000!

The bay in front of Toronto is sheltered in a remarkable manner by a long and narrow peninsula, encompassing it on the eastern side, and round which vessels require to make a wide sweep in approaching the harbour. With a few trees and houses dotted along, and terminating in a light-house, the peninsula adds a picturesque feature to an expanse of water, of which from the shore we see no boundary except on the western horizon. Along the shore there is a series of wharfs for the shipping of the port, the whole overlooked by a street containing some of the largest buildings in the town. At a conspicuous part of this thoroughfare is the newly erected dépôt of a railway—connected with the country in the west, and by which the trade of the place will be considerably augmented. Already, at the time of my visit, a line of railway was opened in a northerly direction from Toronto, for a distance of nearly forty miles to the neighbourhood of Lake Simcoe. Further extensions of this line were projected, with a view to opening up a ready communication with Lake Huron; so that ultimately parties travelling to that far-distant lake, instead of pursuing a circuitous passage by Lake Erie and the river St Clair, will be able to make a short cut across the country from Toronto. When the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, now in course of execution from Montreal, contributes another terminus to the general centre of traffic in Toronto, it may be expected that the trade of the place will receive a fresh and important impulse. In anticipation of these accessions, all kinds

of property in the city and neighbourhood had greatly risen in value; and the rents of houses and stores were as high as they are in some of the best streets in London. With every new and successful settler new demands originate; and to satisfy these, new manufactories of various kinds spring into existence. In this manner, Toronto experiences a rapid growth of those industries which minister to human wants and aspirations. People in the old country never thoroughly divest themselves of the notion, that in such a newly got-up community as that of Toronto, things are in a raw or elementary condition. What, then, will be thought of the fact, that in this very recently established city there is a manufactory of cabinet and other varieties of furniture, turning out articles which in point of elegance will match any of the products of France or England? I allude to the factory of Jacques and Hay, which I had much pleasure in visiting. It consists of two large brick buildings, commodiously situated on the quay, and in its various branches gives employment to upwards of a hundred persons. Conducted from floor to floor by one of the partners, I here for the first time saw in operation the remarkably ingenious machinery for planing, turning, morticing, and effecting other purposes in carpentry, for which the United States have gained such deserved celebrity, and which I subsequently saw on a vast scale at Cincinnati. Besides the finer class of drawing-room furniture, made from black walnut-wood, an inferior kind is here made for the use of emigrants at a price so low, that importation of the article is entirely superseded. So perfect is the machinery, that from the rough timber a neat bedstead can be made and put together in the short space of two minutes!

Depending partly on exterior trade and internal manufactures, Toronto possesses not less importance from qualities of a higher character. It is the chief seat of education in the province. Besides a university and college—the latter being a preparatory school—it has several theological and other seminaries, among which Trinity College occupies a distinguished position. The buildings appropriated to these several institutions are in the best styles, and form ornamental features in the general aspect of the town. In the midst of a beautiful park on the west, large and handsome buildings are in course of erection to accommodate the provincial legislature and governor-general. No public edifice afforded me more interest than that recently erected in the northern environs for the Normal and Model Schools establishment. This is a large building in the Italian style, and with its various departments, forms the centre of a system of elementary instruction pervading the whole of Canada. From the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, head of the establishment, I received every suitable explanation of the character and working of the system; respecting which it is only needful to mention the gratifying fact, that Canada-West now possesses upwards of 3000 common schools, supported at an expense of about £100,000, four-fifths of which sum are raised by local assessment, on a scale of great liberality. The course of instruction is secular, or at least does not embrace doctrinal religion, which is left to be taught by clergymen or others, according to the discretion of parents, and therefore so far agreeing with the injunctions of the rubric.* It is interesting to add, that Dr. Ryerson, as superintendent, is at present organising libraries for schools and townships, com-

posed of popular and instructive books from England and the United States. I believe I may safely aver, that under the system of education now established, and going on, as the Americans would say, in 'full blast,' schools are erected and supported with a degree of enthusiasm in Western Canada, which is not excelled in any part of the States.

It will readily be supposed, that by means of its educational and scientific institutes, its law-courts, and other public establishments, Toronto draws together the elements of a highly respectable and refined community. So much is this the case, that, excepting the long-established cities of Boston and Philadelphia, it would be difficult to point out any place in North America possessing so many attractions to persons of taste and leisure. As in the larger American cities, there may be here observed extensive and flourishing book-stores—true indications of the higher tendencies; and newspapers are to all appearance as cheap and numerous as they are in any city of similar size in the States.

With a wide and improving country in its environs, Toronto is a point whence emigrants may advantageously diverge in quest of settlements that have been wholly or partially cleared, respecting which all proper information is obtainable at the offices of land-agents. It must not, however, be imagined that farms are to be had in this quarter at the prices for which they can be acquired in further remote and newly-opened districts. Near Toronto, things are pretty much what they are in the old country. At the distance of six miles from town, I visited a gentleman who had lately bought a farm of 100 acres, cleared, fenced, and in good cultivation, with an excellent dwelling-house and suite of farm-buildings, for £2000—a great bargain, doubtless, considering the locality. Those desirous of starting in a more moderate way as agriculturists, will, of course, proceed westwards, and it will be singular if they do not light upon spots suitable to their wishes, whatever these may be.

One of my aims being to see something of settlements recently excavated from the wilderness, I planned a journey with a friend through the peninsula of Canada, taking the more interesting localities by the way. For this purpose, I proceeded in the first place by steamer to Hamilton, situated on Burlington Bay, a spacious inlet at the head of Lake Ontario. Although a city of very recent origin, Hamilton already has a population of nearly 20,000, and consists of a number of broad and handsome streets, with several public buildings and a variety of villas scattered about the face of the mountain-range, which shelters the town on the west. Within the distance of a mile on the north, and overlooking the head of the bay, stands Dundurn, a castellated and baronial-looking mansion, built as a residence by Sir Allan M'Nab, one of the celebrities of the province. Beyond this point I drove out several miles to visit the Hon. Adam Ferguson, a gentleman of landed property in Scotland, who emigrated to Canada with his family in 1833. Mr Ferguson settled at first in a district further west, on the Grand River, which is now in an exceedingly thriving condition. Removing afterwards to East Flamborough, a township lying on the slopes which, with a southerly aspect, face Burlington Bay, he has here, in his property of Woodhill, transformed a wild and timber-covered tract of land into a beautiful cleared estate.

Rounding the head of the bay, and then proceeding in an easterly direction along a tolerably good road, I had occasion to pass a farm in the process of being cleared. Numbers of trees were felled and lying about confusedly on the ground. A man and boy were busily cutting off branches, and piling them in heaps to be burnt, while masses lay smouldering and sending up streams of blue smoke, which curled away picturesquely

* 'The curate of every parish shall diligently upon Sundays and holidays, after the second lesson at evening prayer, openly in the church instruct and examine so many children of his parish sent unto him, as he shall think convenient, in some part of this catechism. And all fathers, mothers, masters, and dames, shall cause their children, servants, and apprentices (which have not learned their catechism), to come to the church at the time appointed, and obediently to hear, and be ordered by the curate, until such time as they have learned all that is here appointed for them to learn.'—Notes to Church Catechism in Book of Common Prayer.

over the uncleared part of the forest. Passing onwards, between some well-cleared properties, my vehicle at length turned up a road to the left, of a considerably more rude description. Houses were seemingly left behind. On each side nothing was to be seen but trees. At length we came to openings in the woods; pasture-lands made their appearance, and there, on a charming spot on the ascending braes, backed by the mountain-cliffs, was seen the neat residence of the venerable agriculturist. It need hardly be said that Mr Ferguson politely explained the nature of his past operations, and shewed me some of the more important features of his property and management. He owns here 300 acres, 160 of which are in crop; the whole being disposed in regularly shaped fields of about 20 acres in each. Except a small patch of cleared land, the whole, when purchased, was under timber. Only so much wood now remains as serves for ornament and use, and all that testifies to the original condition of the farm are the tree-stumps which are not gone from some of the fields. Standing in the veranda of Woodhill, and overlooking a garden, orchard, green lawns, and arable enclosures, with the shelter of environing trees, and the blue expanse of Ontario shining in the distance, I thought there could be nothing finer in the Carse of Gowrie; nor did an idea fail to cross my mind, that the acquisition and improvement of such an enjoyable estate at a moderate outlay, in this part of the world, was surely preferable to the costly and unremunerative purchases of land, with all its tormenting obligations, in the old country. Here was a nice little estate, fertile in soil, genial in aspect, with no burdens or responsibilities worth mentioning, situated within an hour's drive of society as good as may be procured in most parts of England or Scotland, and yet the whole extemporised for comparatively a trifle! A lovely spot for a rural residence has been selected. The house occupies a flattish plateau, which had formed the margin of Ontario, when its waters were bounded by the cliffy range to which I formerly called attention. Part of Mr Ferguson's property lies on the high table-land above the cliffs, and to this he obligingly conducted me—here descanting on his operations concerning his improved breeds of cattle, and there pointing out a field of remarkable turnips, which had very much surprised the neighbourhood. In these explorations, it was necessary to clamber over sundry rail-fences, the peculiar merits of which were now practically explained to me. Rails piled horizontally in a zigzag form are, as is well known, the universal fence in America; and of all imaginable methods of enclosing a field, none, it seems, is so simple, cheap, and ready, where wood happens to be abundant. By splitting a small-sized tree lengthwise, two or three rails are obtained. Taking a quantity of such rough spars, twelve feet long, they are laid diagonally, and crossed alternately on others at the ends, so as to have a mutual hold. When piled three feet high, two tall props are crossed through them, at the points of junction, and then a few more rails are added, making a fence about four feet in height. No tools and no nails are employed in the construction. When completed, much space is lost to the field by the breadth of the zigzags, but land is so cheap that this is not of much consequence. A fence of this picturesque appearance will endure ten years, and cost little at any time to repair. I was told, that it is considered an essential point in farming, to have as much growing timber as will supply rails and firewood; and, consequently, to buy land in America altogether free from trees would be considered an injudicious speculation.

In the course of our ramble, Mr Ferguson spoke with confidence on the subject of emigration, and pointed out the many ways in which men in humble circumstances would be sure to improve their condition and prospects by transferring themselves to this new

country. He mentioned the case of one of his ploughmen, who, by the savings of a few years, had at length purchased a farm of 100 acres, from which, among other products, he would in the current year realise £150 for firewood. Now, this man, who was in the way of attaining an independent, and was already in a comfortable position, would, if he had remained in Scotland, have been still drudging as a species of serf at a mean wage, living in a cottage scarcely fit for a human habitation, and with no prospect in his old age but to depend on the charity of his children or the alms of the parish! When one hears of and sees such marked changes of condition, by removal to Canada, or the Western States of America, the wonder, as I observed to Mr Ferguson, is that any rural labourers at all remain in Great Britain; and he agreed with me, that nothing but want of information and deficiency of means, could account for their not fleeing to a country where their circumstances would be so speedily and permanently improved.

Another short excursion I made from Hamilton was to Dundas, a village a few miles distant, and situated in a hollow on a short canal which communicates with Burlington Bay. This is one of the busiest little towns in Canada; and the inspiring genius of the place was seemingly Mr J. B. Ewart, with whom I had crossed the Atlantic, and who had invited me to see his various establishments, consisting of grist-mills, an iron-foundry, and some farms devoted to the breeding and improvement of stock. The mills were at the time grinding wheat on a large scale, and by improvements in mechanism, the flour was cooled, barrelled, and branded with surprising rapidity. In the iron-founding establishments, steam-engines and other kinds of machinery were in the course of manufacture; and I was told that mill-work for grinding flour could not be made fast enough for the demand. Mr Ewart referred with satisfaction to the steadiness and respectable habits of the workmen, who receive from a third to a fourth higher wages than are usually paid in England. Many of them, he said, had saved a good deal of money, and become the proprietors of neat little houses, surrounded with gardens and pieces of land. I regret to say that, since my return home, I have heard of the death of Mr Ewart, by whose enterprise so much good has been done in this busy locality.

At the period of my visit, the whole country was agitated by the high price paid for flour, chiefly for consumption in England; vast exports were taking place; and so plentiful had money become, that the farmers had everywhere paid off their mortgages, and contemplated the extension of their properties. Hamilton, as a place of import and export for the western country, was participating in the general prosperity, and in a state of excitement on account of the opening of the first portion of the Great Western Railway, which took place the day before my departure. Since that time, the line has been completed to Windsor, on the St Clair river, opposite Detroit; so that travellers may now, in the space of six hours, perform a journey which, in a hired conveyance, occupied me nearly as many days.

On the morning of my departure, while waiting at the door of the hotel for the approach of the wagon—a species of two-horse chaise, open in front—which was to carry my friend and myself on our way westwards, a stranger seemed to linger about as if desirous of addressing me, but diffident as to how he should set about it. The appearance of the wagon inspired him with the necessary courage. With a kind of convulsive effort, he said he had come a number of miles to try to see and invite me to his house, and forthwith he related his whole history, in, what was to me very pleasing, the soft dialect of Teviotdale. He had come to the country sixteen years ago, with his father and two brothers, 'wi' very little in their pockets, and they had done real

weel—he wadna, at this day, tak seventeen hundred pounds for what he was worth, and he had credit for thousands! Ah, sir,' he continued, 'this is a grand country for folk that will work, and hae the sense to ken how to manage. Now, you see, you must come and see us the morn, when you gang through the township of Dumfries, and I'll be watching for you wi' the wagon.' 'Many Scotch in your quarter?' I asked. 'Hundreds; at the kirk at Galt, on a Sabbath, you would hardly ken you were frae hame!'

Promising that I should endeavour to see this new acquaintance in the course of next day's journey, I set off for Guelph, a town at the distance of thirty-five miles north from Hamilton. After passing Dundas, and ascending to the higher level of the country, things gradually assumed a more primitive appearance. Cleared lands in stump, with neat wooden houses and barns, alternated with masses of forest, untouched by the axe, and through which the road proceeded. Occasionally, we passed portions of land, on which the trees were felled and in process of being dragged together in heaps to be burned. In one place, I observed a whole family, husband, wife, and children, engaged in the toilsome occupation of gathering the scattered limbs and boughs; and their clearing of a few acres was dotted over with piles of burning timber, which sent up clouds of smoke into the atmosphere. It was piteous to see so much valuable wood remorselessly consumed; but with no economic means of transport, the destruction is inevitable. In the less advanced situations, the original log-huts had not yet given place to dwellings of a better order; nor would they, with prudent settlers, till their farms had been got into a good state of culture, and a redundancy of cash was at disposal. At intervals along the road, we passed comfortable-looking country inns, with sign-boards swinging on tall poles in the genuine English style; and at every village there were seen the blacksmith and carpenter's shops, at which agricultural implements, wagons, and other articles were in course of construction. Wherever there was a small river with a fall of water, a grist-mill made its appearance, with the encouraging announcement painted in black letters on a white ground across its front—'Cash for wheat;' and as such concerns are found all over the country, it may be said that no farmer needs to travel far from his home in search of a market.

In approaching Guelph, the aspect of affairs mended; and on a rising-ground on the small river Speed, a tributary of Grand River, were observed a handsome church, and a cluster of good houses, with stores and hotels—the rudiments, possibly, of a large city; for the place is to be a principal railway-station. Until 1827, the site of Guelph was an uncleared forest, and during the last seven years its population has increased from 700 to 1860. Having dined, and made some inquiries at this thriving little town, we proceeded in a southerly direction towards Galt, which we hoped to reach before nightfall. But in this expectation we were doomed to be disappointed. Pursuing our course along a soft and ill-made road, bounded by the everlasting zigzag fences, darkness dropped her mantle over the scene; and being afraid of some unpleasant consequences, threatened to the ear by the dash of water, it was not without a feeling of thankfulness that we recognised the cheerful light of a roadside-inn, where we received shelter for the night.

This incident was not displeasing on other accounts. I was afforded an opportunity of extending my knowledge of houses of public entertainment in Canada. On all the public roads, houses of this kind are conveniently stationed at intervals of from six to ten miles, and if not fine, they will, as far as my experience goes, be found clean, respectable, and moderate as respects charges. On the present occasion, for the accommodation of a small sitting-room warmed by a stove, tea, and beds for two persons, the charge was only four

English shillings; and when I liquidated the demand by paying a small gold dollar, the simple and good-natured girl, daughter of the landlord, who attended, was so delighted with the beautiful coin, that she declared she would retain it as a keepsake.

Next morning, the excursion was continued down the valley of Grand River, the country becoming more picturesque as we advanced. Passing through a district settled by Germans, who, possessed of good houses, cleared fields, and carrying on various trades, seemed to be in a prosperous condition, we reached Doon Mills, where the view was exceedingly charming, and which, from the hospitality we received, will remain pleasantly imprinted on my remembrance. The whole of the country in this quarter, composing the township of Dumfries, from the irregularity of surface and natural fertility of the soil, is not only beautiful, but very productive. By its communication with Lake Erie, the Grand River offers an additional recommendation to this part of the country. Galt, prettily situated on both sides of this river, is environed with rising-grounds, on which handsome villas are erected; and in looking about, we almost feel as if we were on the banks of the Tweed. My friend of the day before taking care to be on the outlook, obligingly conducted me through the place, and furnished some useful explanations, though I could not afford time to gratify his desire by visiting his settlement at some miles' distance. Besides some large mills, Galt has an establishment for the manufacture of edge-tools, which possess a high reputation. I learned here what was afterwards confirmed in the States, that England cannot produce axes adapted for cutting down trees, and had therefore lost a considerable trade in the article; and that the failure arose from no deficiency in the material employed, but from the English manufacturer vexatiously disregarding the exact model on which this remarkable kind of axe requires to be made—the slightest alteration of curves rendering the implement useless. Galt has increased from 1000 to 2248 inhabitants in five years, and like every town of its size, has two newspapers—many towns of similar dimensions in Great Britain, a thousand years old, not being able to support a single product of the press; or more properly, not being allowed to do so, in consequence of the pressure of fiscal exactions.

The valley of Grand River continues rich and beautiful all the way to Lake Erie, and is one of the most densely populated parts of Canada. Brantford, situated sixty miles up the river from its mouth, is a town of growing importance, and the country which stretches in a westerly direction from it towards Paris is highly esteemed for its fertility. In going from Galt to Paris, we obtain a view of this remarkably fine district, consisting of green and rich meadow-lands, such as are common in Essex. At Paris, a town situated in a hollow at the confluence of two rivers, we come upon a large work of art—a viaduct bearing the railway which is in course of construction from the Niagara river, opposite Buffalo, by way of Brantford to Goderich, on Lake Erie, by which a splendid region in the north-west will soon be opened for traffic. Not to tire by a tedious account of movements, we proceeded by Woodstock—O these odious imported designations!—to London, on the Thames (!) a city on the Great Western Railway, and the centre of a district not to be surpassed for agricultural purposes. Situated within a moderate distance of Port-Stanley, on Lake Erie, and placed almost in the centre of the Canadian peninsula, I have always regarded the vicinity of London as one of the most advantageous districts for settlement. Yet, in a country abounding in so many available localities, it is hard to say how far one is better than another. It is clear, from a very slight inspection, that in the districts through which I had been travelling, there are thousands of places still but partially cleared and improved, which are destined to afford a home to a large population; and the taking

possession and improvement of such places may be said to be going on before our eyes. Penetrated now by two railways, which will unquestionably form the main channels of traffic between New York and Michigan, the peninsula cannot fail to draw towards it a crowd of enterprising settlers. The progress made, independently of such attractions, has not many parallels. In thirty years, the district around London has increased in population 550 per cent. London itself, begun only in 1827, now numbers 20,000 inhabitants, 6000 of whom have been added in three years. In this well-built and busy town, there are seen numerous large manufacturing and commercial establishments; trade is going ahead at a great rate; villas are extending themselves in the neighbourhood; and the farmers, rendered more than ever alert by the increasing value of produce, are pushing on their conquests at an accelerated speed—the whole locality exhibiting a kind of race of prosperity, exceedingly diverting to an onlooker. 'A person cannot help doing well here, if he has any sense at all,' said an intelligent resident in speaking of the place; and I believe him; at the same time admitting, that it would be difficult to say where, in this great country, a man of fair industry and steadiness could not considerably better his circumstances.

W. C.

THE SAILING OF THE BALTIC FLEET.

ASSUREDLY, no spectacle afforded by a great nation can be conceived more imposing than that witnessed by thousands of spectators at Spithead, when recently, in the presence of our gracious Sovereign, a fleet, tremendous in its power, and unparalleled in its grandeur, left our shores, bound on a noble mission. Having witnessed this sight from the quarter-deck of the *Duke of Wellington*—a privilege enjoyed by only a very few civilians—I propose, in this paper, to describe my view of the scene.

On Saturday morning, accompanied by two eminent Cambridge professors, I left London by an excursion-train, which was advertised to start at forty minutes after six, but which, in consequence of the enormous number of applicants for seats, did not start until after seven, and then it was in two divisions, each being drawn by a couple of engines. Notwithstanding the great length of the train, we ran down to Portsmouth, ninety-six miles, in less than three hours, where we found an extraordinary assemblage of vehicles waiting to take the passengers to the piers, from whence steam-boats, for a certain consideration, were advertised to go to the fleet. It is on such occasions as the present that official interest is peculiarly valuable; and it was my good-fortune to have a very old friend at Portsmouth, in the person of a gentleman holding one of the leading appointments in the royal dock-yard. He had kindly placed at my disposal for the day his sailing-boat, which we found awaiting us at the King's Stairs, with her smart cockswain, and four sailors.

The day was most propitious. A spanking breeze crisped the water in the harbour, which was studded with dashing yachts and pleasure-boats bound for Spithead. On our way out, we passed under the stern of the renowned *Victory*, whose name is eloquent of naval deeds, which have made the English flag glorious throughout the world. A giant in her days, when Nelson's blood was poured out on her decks, her proportions, in comparison with the line-of-battle ships of the present day, are almost insignificant; yet we must not forget that the old *Victory* has done great things. Close to her lay the collier brig whose fate, it will be remembered, it was to be struck by a ball from a twenty-four pounder, discharged during practice from a frigate at Spithead. We passed within a couple of yards of the wounded ship, and paused to look at the hole made by the ball. The iron missile had crashed through the larboard-side, near the stern, and had torn

away a large portion of the plank, leaving a yawning fissure. With such a result from one shot, it was bewildering to think of the terrible power of a broad-side. Fortunately, no one on board the collier was injured by the shot or the splinters; but we may picture to ourselves the astonishment of the skipper on finding his peaceful progress up the Channel so summarily interrupted. Of course, the collier will be repaired by the Admiralty; and it was for this purpose that she was lying off the dock-yard. On reaching the mouth of the harbour, the fleet was seen lying before us, occupying a space of about a mile and a half in extent, the distance between the most windward and leeward ships.

Without the harbour, the sea was more 'lively'; but the wind being from the west, our boat dashed on under reefed sails at a rapid rate. *Victoria* Pier presented an extraordinary spectacle, being literally black with struggling people, all anxious to obtain a sight of Sir Charles Napier, who was on the point of embarking for his flag-ship. At the head of the pier, which was gay with many flags, steam-boats, already apparently full to excess, were waiting for more human freight, which, bearing in mind that the ticket for each person was half-a-guinea, must have proved a rich harvest to the proprietors. But it was only when we were abreast of Southsea beach, that we became fully aware of the vast multitude that had assembled to witness the departure of the Baltic fleet. As far as the eye could reach, the shores were covered with spectators, shewing that not only all Portsmouth, but likewise the neighbouring towns and villages, had poured forth their populations to witness the event.

Our sail to the fleet was of a labyrinthine nature, for the water was so thronged with craft of all kinds, that it required a keen look-out and careful steering to avoid collision. Thanks, however, to our cockswain, an experienced old man-o'-war's man, we reached the ships without accident. Huge as these appeared at a distance, their size was only truly apparent when our boat was under their mountain-like sides, bristling with cannon—

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine.

The first ship that we came alongside of was the *Royal George*, of 121 guns, and little inferior in proportions to the giant *Duke of Wellington*; but as the latter ship was not only the largest of the fleet, but in the world, and carried the admiral's flag, we were naturally anxious to see her, and, if possible, to go on board. She lay to the extreme leeward, her mighty bulk towering like a vast cathedral among churches, surrounded, but at respectful distances, by her companions, ready to follow wherever she might lead. The wind being fair, we soon reached her. There was no mistaking her, for there, far aloft, was the figure-head with the well-known features of 'the Duke,' happily, and very properly, devoid of all ornament, but grandly colossal, and sternly plain and simple.

Great as our desire had been to board this huge ship, the feeling was considerably increased now that we were under her; but our prospects were not very cheering, as we were assured that only the admiral's personal friends were allowed this privilege. We were, however, determined to try our fortune, and so, lowering our sails, we ran under the starboard gangway. Here we were soon made aware that there was no admittance for us, for we were warned off by the sentry, who told us, at the same time, to go round to the larboard-side, that at which we were being reserved for the Queen. Accordingly, we coasted round the huge ship, and were not a little astonished by what we saw. Clustering like swarms of bees, were innumerable boats, filled with all manner of articles living and dead—sheep and fowls, bread and blankets, pigs and crockery,

bottles and barrels, parcels and packages of all sizes and shapes, and amongst these, women, old and young, screaming wild farewells to sailors who appeared at the ports. The confusion was bewildering, and was still more confounded by the pitching of the boats in the sea; while, in stern contrast, high over all rose the *Duke*, as the sailors pithily call her, as motionless as a castle.

How to pierce the serried rank of boats was a problem admitting of no easy practical solution, and I doubt whether we should have succeeded had we made the attempt. Fortunately, however, the *Black Eagle*, Admiralty yacht, was alongside in attendance upon the Lords of the Admiralty, and her captain being well acquainted with my friend whose boat we occupied, and which displayed the Admiralty flag, at my request ordered the ladder to be lowered, and permitted us to pass across the yacht to the *Duke*. Wonderful was the spectacle as the eye ranged down the vast extent of deck bearing the huge cannon, which projected from the ports. Happily, we knew one of the officers; but even if this had not been the case, I think we should have been allowed to roam wherever we liked, for no one questioned, or indeed noticed us.

It was just noon; and the sailors were at dinner when we descended to the deck below that at which we had entered the ship. Conceive eleven hundred fellows at dinner, as busy as bees, eating soup drawn from tanks, having cocks four inches in diameter! The greatest jollity prevailed; and a spectator might have imagined that the sailors were bound on a cruise of pleasure to the Tagus, instead of being on the point of going forth to battle. Ever and anon, as one of the many steamers paused alongside, rolling about in the sea as if drunk with enthusiasm, and sending forth thunder-like shouts from its living freight, the sailors responded, making the decks ring again with their wild hurrahs.

Under the guidance of our officer friend, we explored every part of the vast ship, descending to the engine-rooms, which, being below the water-line, are lighted with lamps. The machinery, as might be expected, is very massive and powerful, having to do the work of 1000 horses, and to propel a weight of 4000 tons at the rate of twelve knots an hour. A large dial is immediately over the engineer's department, and indicates the orders of the officer on deck with regard to working the engines. There are many other ingenious and beautiful contrivances, but we must leave the depths of the *Duke*, and ascend to the quarter-deck. Yet, before mounting, let us pause for a moment while surveying an apartment which, shrouded in gloom, has an awful aspect. It is the cockpit; where, it may be before many months or weeks elapse, some of those strong men whose shouts are now heard, will lie moaning in agony awaiting the surgeon's aid, or the more sure and abiding relief administered by the hand of death. The change was indeed great: from the sunshine without, the dancing waves, the enthusiastic multitude, the pomp of war, to this narrow apartment, feebly illumined; and thinking of its uses, I felt what is too often forgotten, that war has its dark side as well as one of brilliant and attractive hue; and that, after all, the bristling and picturesque cannon, obedient to their destiny—

From their adamant lips,
Spread a death-shade round the ships.

On the upper-deck all was activity, preparations being made to receive the Queen, who was expected to arrive at one o'clock. Scarlet cloth covered the ladders, and part of the main-deck. The marines, 250 in number, were drawn up under the quarter-deck; while there, pacing to and fro with restless step, was the chief. Next in interest to the mighty *Duke* was that gallant veteran, whose deeds have won him imperishable renown. Scorning outward appearances, he wore an

old frock-coat and round hat of rusty hue, contrasting strangely with the gold-laced cocked-hats and brilliant uniforms of his captains, who were around him; but an attentive observer would soon have discovered that the face of the commander was that of no ordinary man, for there was determination and courage stamped upon every feature. Three or four gentlemen in plain clothes—apparently relatives or friends of the admiral—were on the quarter-deck. These and ourselves were the only visitors.

And now, as one o'clock drew near, telescopes were anxiously directed towards the west, looking for the Queen's yacht, which was momentarily expected to appear. Her Majesty, as is well known, is always punctual in her appointments; and soon the royal standard was descried at the mast-head of the *Fairy*, which was bearing down towards us at a rapid rate, accompanied by three other steamers. All now was excitement. At a shrill call from the boatswain's pipe, from every part of the ship came forth a mighty mass of human beings. Upwards of a thousand men crowded the decks; and at a signal, away they swarmed up the rigging, plucky little midshipmen skylarking far above on the tall masts; while the cannon thundered a royal salute, which was repeated by every ship in the fleet. Then it was that I felt amidst the tremendous roar how awful a battle would be with such batteries as were around us, numbering 953 guns.

Long before the thunder ceased, the *Duke* was so completely wrapped in smoke as to render it impossible for us to see even the nearest ship. When it had cleared away, the royal yacht was alongside; the sailors, from the bulwarks to the tops, sent forth a mighty shout; the band played *God Save the Queen*; the marines drew up as a guard of honour on the quarter and main decks; and the admiral, who had assumed his full uniform, stood prominently forward with his hat off. It was a moment never to be forgotten, and was remarkable as exhibiting the uncontrolled and spontaneous enthusiasm of the fleet, consisting of 9390 seamen.

For reasons which did not reach us, but which probably had reference to the roughness of the water, the Queen, instead of visiting the *Duke*, ordered the admiral and the captains of the fleet to go on board her yacht, which lay immediately under the stern of the *Duke*. There, surrounded by her court, a brilliant staff of officers, and the Lords of the Admiralty, Sir Charles Napier and his captains took leave of their sovereign; and it was a touching sight to see the old admiral standing bareheaded before the Queen, with his silver hair streaming in the wind. Although the scene took place close to us, the few words spoken were not heard by our party; but it was evident that the Queen was affected, for as soon as the farewell had been uttered, she turned to the other side of her yacht, and looked upon the sea in silence for several minutes.

On the return of the admiral to his ship, the band struck up *Rule Britannia*, and the signal was immediately made to the ships 'to get under-way with sail:' not simultaneously, however, for each captain received separate instructions; and for this purpose, hundreds of signal-flags were spread on the quarter-deck, causing the space to appear like a variegated flower-bed. Seen from our position, this movement was one of the most striking events of the day. Ship after ship shook out its vast sails with marvellous rapidity, as if anxious to be off, those to the leeward being the first to get under-way, in order to make room for the others. And now it came to the turn of the *Duke of Wellington* to follow. The gigantic sails were loosened, and, descending in majestic folds, were given to the wind; the anchor was raised, and the head of the huge ship slowly came round.

The spectacle at that moment; from the quarter-deck, was most imposing. The ships, before as motionless as rocks, now, with their vast and complicated

machinery of masts, spars, and rigging, became clothed with sails, which, under the favouring breeze, gave them life and animation. During this time, the admiral, who had resumed his old round hat and frock-coat, was flitting restlessly about, his lips constantly in motion. When, however, his ship was fairly under-way, he settled down into comparative tranquillity. It now occurred to me that it was time for us to depart. But before doing so, our officer friend introduced us to the ward-room—a capacious apartment, where a numerous company of officers were busy with sundry comforts in the shape of pies, hams, &c. A bottle of sherry was ordered, which we speedily finished, drinking success to the British fleet, and confusion to the Russians; and I must say, if all the wine on board the *Duke* is equal to that butt, the caterer deserves high praise.

It was no easy task to leave the ship, now under-way, on account of the number of boats that was still alongside, handing up never-ending packages. At the starboard-side, however, the gangway was comparatively clear; and as no *Queen* was now expected, we were permitted to make our exit by this gate of honour, and stepped into our boat at half-past two, having been two hours and a half on board. Dropping astern, we saw the admiral pacing the stern-gallery outside his cabin.

Numerous steamers, yachts, and boats kept company with the fleet, the occupants cheering madly honest British cheers, which will long be remembered, I am confident, by the officers and men of the fleet. Having followed in the wake of the *Duke* until *Eolus* favouring the progress of the ships with westerly breezes, swelling their spreading sails, we bade farewell to the noble fleet, and turned our prow to the wooded shores of the Priory in the Isle of Wight, from whence we saw ship after ship fade into specks, and the sea and sky mingle in one unbroken line.

FIGARO'S SHOP.

Before returning to our hotel, we stopped at a barber's shop to get shaved. According to legendary report and general belief, this was the identical one occupied by the immortal Figaro of Beaumarchais, Mozart, and Rossini. Such being its associations, who could resist the temptation to pop into it? The barber we found to be a young and skilful artist in his profession, who gave us a most excellent shave, and that, too, without the aid of a brush. An earthenware bowl, with a rim about four or five inches in width, one side of which was scooped out sufficiently to adapt itself to the form of the neck, was filled with warm water, and then placed beneath my chin. With a piece of soap in his hand, this modern Figaro commenced rubbing and washing my face in such a vigorous manner, that in a few moments my features were completely covered with a white and creamy lather. I was almost suffocated, and could scarcely breathe without imbibing some portion of the soapy mass. A single stroke of the keen-edged razor, however, afforded me instant relief. One side of my face was as beardless as that of an infant; another stroke, and the other side of my phiz was as naked as its fellow. A face-bath of Eau de Cologne ensued, and I rose from my seat a lighter and—as persons say who have just passed through some severe ordeal—I trust a better man! Heaven commend me to the barbers of Seville! They are a happy and harmless race, and the most delicate managers of the razor in the universe. They are well versed in all the gossip of the town, and are remarkable for their loquacity and good-nature. Almost any matter of local intelligence you may be sure to obtain from your barber, whose acquaintance, therefore, is well worthy of being cultivated. The highest class of Spanish Figaros are but little below the medical professors in social rank. They are licensed to use the lancet and apply leeches, these being operations which the doctors almost invariably decline to perform. As for myself, I would as soon consent to be bled by one of these

fellows as by a more solemn practitioner, though, as a general rule, I think I should prefer keeping my blood within my own body.—*Warren's Vagamundo.*

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

ABOUND us still extends a paradise
In the true hearts that love us: Friendship sets
Young saplings all about, that turn to trees,
Abundant in the fruitage of rich thoughts
And generous emotions: round us rise
Prolific flowers, which vernal dewfall wets
With gushing odour—whence do stingsless bees
Gather unsating honey: round us floats
A breath of fearless health; and with us strays
A spirit of cheerful industry, which keeps
The mind from brooding on its idle cares,
Intent on aiding others.—Eden-ways
May still be traversed; and where Adam sleeps
Quietly near Eve, may we breathe Eden-airs!

HALLUCINATIONS OF THE GREAT.

Thus Malebranche declared that he distinctly heard the voice of God within him. Descartes, after a long seclusion, was followed by an invisible person, who urged him to pursue his researches after truth. Byron imagined himself to be sometimes visited by a spectre; but he said it was owing to the over-excitability of his brain. The celebrated Dr Johnson clearly heard his mother call Samuel; she was then living in a town at a great distance. Pope, who suffered much in his intestines, one day inquired of his physician what arm that was that appeared to come out from the wall. Goethe asserts that he one day saw the counterpart of himself coming towards him. The German psychologists give the name of *Dexter-scopie* to this kind of illusion. Oliver Cromwell was stretched fatigued and sleepless on his bed—suddenly the curtains opened, and a woman of gigantic size appeared, and told him that he would be the greatest man in England. The Puritan faith and the ambition of Cromwell might have suggested, during those troublous times of the kingdom, some still stronger idea; and who can say whether, had the phantom murmured these words in his ear: 'Thou wilt one day be king!' the Protector would have refused the crown, as did Cæsar at the Lupercalian feasts?—*De Boismon's Hallucinations.*

SINGULARITIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

'Your language,' said a learned foreign philologist, in speaking of English, 'is the most unphilosophical, and yet the most practical, in the world.' We become familiar with contradictory modes of expression, and do not notice them as do children and foreigners. When we *send* the floor, we cast sand upon it; but when we *dust* the furniture, we remove dust from it. When we *paint* the house, we lay something on; but when we *skin* the ox, we take something off. We dress a child by *overlaying* it, and scale a shad by *removing* that by which it is overlaid. If it be proper to say, 'skin the ox,' why is it not proper to speak of *woolling* the sheep, instead of *shearing* it? What would we think of a farmer who should talk of *corning* or *grassing* his fields, or *appling* his orchard; or of his wife who should speak of *feathering* her geese, or *blacking* her knives, or *dirting* the clothes? But we do that which is equally ridiculous when we speak of dusting the furniture, skinning the ox, and scaling the fish, although custom has sanctioned those modes of expression, and Noah Webster recorded them in his dictionary.—*New York Illustrated News.*

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